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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of the Island of Newfoundland: containing a Description of the Island, the Banks, and Fisheries, &c. Illustrated with two Maps. By the Rev. Lewis Amadeus Anspach, late a Magistrate of the Island, and Missionary for the District of Conception Bay. London, 1819. 8vo. pp. 512.

THIS volume is recommended by a circumstance which cannot fail of rendering it acceptable to the public; we mean the novelty of the subject. Although the importance of Newfoundland and its dependencies, as an inexhaustible mine of treasure, and as an invaluable nursery for seamen, appears to have been felt, from a very early period, by the maritime powers of Europe, yet we do not find any traces of the history of that island, except in short and partial notices interspersed in the works of Doctor Forster, l'Abbé Raynal, and some other writers, generally infected with their prejudices.

The author of this history appears to have studiously availed himself of the means of information which he could collect from every source within his reach, as well as from his own observations during a residence of thirteen years in that island, and to have applied his materials to his purpose with candour and judgment.

With Doctor Forster, and supported by the still more respectable authorities of Doctor Robertson, Doctor Morse the American Geographer, and other writers of the present day, he traces the discovery of Newfoundland to the beginning of the eleventh century, nineteen years after that of Greenland, and nearly five hundred years before the first voyage of Columbus. It is concluded that the first settlers of Newfoundland were a colony of the North-men, or tribes which at that time inhabited the northern extremity of Europe, who sailed from Greenland to that island, where they left a race of men, who

have maintained themselves in its interior during the space of eight centuries, without any connection whatever with any other tribe, and at perpetual war with all the rest of mankind.

In consequence of the extraordinary increase of the Arctic Ice, in the latter end of the fourteenth century, all communication between Newfoundland, Greenland, and Europe, was cut off, until the year 1497, when Cabot, the first discoverer of the Continent of America, landed on the former island, whence he is said to have brought home a valuable cargo.

From this period England, and, from an early subsequent date, the other maritime powers of Europe, appear to have entertained a just sense of the value of Newfoundland. We have, in the work before us, a succinct account of several voyages performed to those parts by English, Portuguese, Spanish, and French navigators. The merchants of Bristol and of London, with the zealous support of our King Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, seem to have been particularly active in their attempts to improve upon Cabot's discovery; nor could we refuse a regret to the lamentable fate of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, "the parent of all our Plantations" in that part of the world, who was wrecked in the Squirrel, and perished with all his companions.

We find the island rising in importance under the fostering care of our Charles the First, whose example is soon after followed by Louis XIV. and the celebrated Colbert, with such success, as, in a short time, to create a formidable navy. From this period, Newfoundland becomes the scene of perpetual struggles between the two rival nations, until the close of the first American war. We trace, with pleasure, the origin and rapid progress of that most excellent Institution, "the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts;" as well as the gradual improvement introduced by the Legislature for the government of the inhabitants and trade. A just tribute of praise is given to certain individuals who have essentially contributed to those

improvements, and particularly to Chief Justice John Reeves, whose amelioration of the system of Jurisprudence is warmly extolled.

The history of Newfoundland having been carried, in eleven chapters, to the year 1818, including an account of several attempts to open a communication with the native savages of the island, the 12th chapter presents us with an elaborate and minute description of the island and of the banks, which are supposed to be the remains and ruins of a vast island, or part of the Continent, sunk by some violent agitation of nature: and this hypothesis is strongly supported, both by features of the most eccentric character which this island and its banks present, and by several instances and traces of similar revolutions produced by volcanoes and earthquakes in the New World.

The peculiarities of the climate in those latitudes, and in Newfoundland in particular, are next considered, as well as the natural productions of the island, and of the Coast of Labrador, in the three kingdoms. We find here, among other matters, an account of the Indian tea, the side-saddle flower or pitcher plant, of the Catalina stone, which led Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Martin Frobisher into some unpleasant mistakes; of a burning mountain, &c. There are also some amusing and interesting details respecting the Newfoundland dog, and an account of the various kinds of fishes found in this region. The subject of the Newfoundland Fisheries, principally for seals and cod, is investigated with a particular degree of attention.

The last chapter treats of the character and manners of the Aborigines, and other inhabitants of the island; and the work terminates with an Appendix, containing, besides other curious documents, an account of *Northman-land*, extracted from King Alfred's version of the Ormestia of Orosius;—of the first vessels used by the northern nations of Europe;—of Ortelio, the great Spanish Geographer, and intimate friend of our celebrated Camden, to whose earnest solicitation it ap-

pears that we are indebted for his *Briannia*.

The two maps are very neatly executed, and the publication is, in our opinion, both useful and entertaining. This we shall endeavour to show by a few extracts, chiefly from the latter part of the volume, from which an adequate idea may be acquired of the author's manner and matter. In 1802, a female native Indian was surprised in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Exploits, and brought to St. John's.

She appeared to be about fifty years of age, very docile, and evidently different from all the tribes of Indians or savages of which we have any knowledge. She was of a copper colour, with black eyes, and hair much like the hair of an European. She showed a passionate fondness for children. Being introduced into a large assembly by Governor Gambier, never were astonishment and pleasure more strongly depicted in a human countenance than her's exhibited. After having walked through the room between the Governor and the General, whose gold ornaments and feathers seemed to attract her attention in a particular manner, she squatted on the floor, holding fast a bundle, in which were her fur clothes, which she would not suffer to be taken away from her. She was then placed in a situation from which she had a full view of the whole room, and in the instant lost her usual serious or melancholy deportment. She looked at the musicians as if she wished to be near them. A gentleman took her by the hand, pointing to them at the same time; she perfectly understood his meaning, went through the crowd, sat with them for a short time, and then expressed, in her way, a wish for retiring. She could not be prevailed upon to dance, although she seemed inclined to do so. She was everywhere treated with the greatest kindness, and appeared to be sensible of it. Being allowed to take in the shops whatever struck her fancy, she showed a decided preference for bright colours, accepted what was given her, but still would not for a moment leave hold of her bundle, keenly resenting any attempt to take it from her. She was afterwards sent back to the spot from whence she had been taken, with several presents; and a handsome remuneration was given to the master of the vessel who had brought her, with a strict charge to take every possible care for her safety.

The following is a lively description of the Aurora Borealis, of the preparations for the seal fishery, and of the Spring:

In Europe, the dry freezing winds proceed from north to east: in North America they are from north to west. When these prevail, the sky is clear and of a dark blue, and the nights transcendently beautiful. The moon displays far greater radiance than in Europe; and, in her absence, her func-

tion is not ill supplied by the uncommon and fiery brightness of the stars. The *aurora borealis* frequently tinges the sky with coloured rays of such brilliancy, that their splendour, not effaced even by that of the full moon, is of the utmost magnificence, if the moon does not shine. Sometimes it begins in the form of a scarf of bright light with its extremities resting upon the horizon, which, with a motion resembling that of a fishing-net, and a noise similar to the rustling of silk, glides softly up the sky, when the lights frequently unite in the zenith and form the top of a crown; at other times the motion is like that of a pair of colours waving in the air, and the different tints of light present the appearance of so many vast streamers of changeable silk: or spreading into vast columns and altering slowly; or by rapid motions into an immense variety of shapes, varying its colours from all the tints of yellow to the most obscure russet; and, after having briskly skimmed along the heavens, or majestically spread itself from the horizon to the zenith, on a sudden it disappears, leaving behind a uniform dusky tract: this is again illuminated, and in the same manner suddenly extinguished. Sometimes it begins with some insulated rays from the north and the north-east, which increase by degrees until they fill the whole sky, forming the most splendid sight that can be conceived, crackling, sparkling, hissing, and making a noise similar to that of artificial fireworks.

These phenomena, which are generally considered as the effects of electricity, are looked upon as the forerunners of storms; and when these arise from the north-east they spread the most horrid gloom over the island. Immense islands and fields of ice, brought down from the northern regions, fill up and freeze every bay and harbour, and block up the coast to the distance of several leagues into the ocean. The wind, blowing over this immense surface, is full of frozen fogs or frost-smoke, arising from the ice, in the shape of an infinite number of icy spiculae, visible to the naked eye, penetrating into every pore and into the smallest apertures of the wooden houses, and rendering the exposure to the open air very disagreeable and even painful.

The stated period for the seal-fishery, so as not to injure the cod-fishery, does not admit of any delay; otherwise the voyage would be lost, and it is this very ice that brings the seals near these coasts. The 17th of March is generally the time when vessels are ready to proceed on this fishery. The crews collected together, with as many assistants as can be obtained from the shore, are distributed into two rows, some with hatchets or large saws, and others with strong poles in their hands.

When the ice has completely left the bays and harbours, which frequently happens in the course of one night, the change in the temperature of the weather is great and indescribably rapid; but should the wind turn to the eastward, all that ice returns instantly and restores things to the

same state in which they were before; winter then resumes his empire, and sometimes seems to revenge the temporary interruption of his reign by additional severity and rigour. The south-east storms are the most violent, but the north-east are of the longest continuance, and attended with every circumstance that can complete the asperity of that dreary season.

The spring is generally attended by fogs and rains. About the beginning of June the change of climate is sensible, and from the middle of July, and frequently sooner, to the latter end of August, the heats are so considerable as to require a change to what is called summer-dress. Not a cloud is to be perceived, and for some hours, commonly between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, the warmth of the weather is frequently such as, according to the observations of competent judges, not to be exceeded in any part of the West Indies. It is, however, generally not only tolerable but extremely pleasant. The nights are transcendently beautiful: the clearness of the heavens, the serenity of the air, the bright radiance of the moon, the uncommon beauty of the stars, each of which, particularly near the horizon, strongly resembles a ship's light at a distance; all these produce the most exquisitely delightful scene that can be imagined.

It is impossible to conceive, much more to describe, the splendid appearance of Conception-Bay and its harbours on such a night, at the time of what is there called the Capelin-skull. Then its vast surface is completely covered with myriads of fishes of various kinds and sizes, all actively engaged either in pursuing or in avoiding each other; the whales alternately rising and plunging, throwing into the air spouts of water; the cod-fish bounding above the waves, and reflecting the light of the moon from their silvery surface; the capelins hurrying away in immense shoals to seek a refuge on the shore, where each retiring wave leaves countless multitudes skipping upon the sand, an easy prey to the women and children who stand there with barrows and buckets ready to seize upon the precious and plentiful booty; while the fishermen in their skiffs, with nets made for that purpose, are industriously employed in securing a sufficient quantity of this valuable bait for their fishery.

The author states that the Newfoundland dog is essentially different from the dog of Greenland, (which last resembles the Esquimaux dogs,) and that the animal usually seen in England, is only half-bred, and not the genuine web-footed native of this island, of which we have some curious particulars.

The last quadruped that we shall mention under this head, though very far from being the least in worth, is the Newfoundland dog, a valuable and faithful friend to man, and an implacable enemy to sheep. When born or reared from an early age

under the roof of man, this dog is the most useful animal in the island as a domestic. He answers some of the essential purposes of a horse; is docile, capable of strong attachment, and easy to please in the quality of his food; he will live upon scraps of boiled fish, whether salted or fresh, and on boiled potatoes and cabbage; but, if hungry, he will not scruple to steal a salmon, or a piece of raw salt pork from the tub in which they have been left to steep; he is likewise fond of poultry of the larger kind; but, as a beverage, nothing is equal in his estimation to the blood of sheep. The Author had purchased a puppy of the true breed, which had been brought from the northward of the island to Harbour-Grace. This puppy grew up to the size of a small donkey, as strong and fit for hard work, as he was tractable and gentle, even with the children of the family, of whom he seemed to be particularly fond; nor was he ever known, in any one instance, to disagree with the cats of the house, whom he treated rather with a kind of dignified condescension. But the dog, unless closely watched, would run after sheep wherever he could trace them, even drive them from high cliffs into the water, and jump in after them; not, however, without first considering the elevation of the cliff; for, if he thought it too great, he would run down and take the nearest more convenient place to continue his pursuit. The owner of that dog had, at one time, some domesticated wild geese, one of which would frequently follow him in his morning walks, side by side with Jowler: they seemed to live together on the best terms. Unfortunately the servant neglected one night to confine them, according to custom; the next morning the feathers of the favourite goose were found scattered in a small field adjoining to the grounds. The dog was soon after found concealed in a corner of the wood-yard, and on his master looking at him, exhibited evident signs of conscious guilt: his master took him to the field, and pointed out to him the feathers: the dog, staring at him, uttered a loud growl, and ran away with all the speed of which he was capable; nor could he bear his master's sight for some days afterwards. At another time, the Author had three young sheep, for whom in the day-time the dog seemed to affect the utmost indifference: the servant neglected one evening to take them into their shed, and to confine the dog; and the next morning the sheep were found stretched in the back-yard, lifeless, and without any other mark of violence than a small wound in the throat, from which the dog had sucked their blood. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the Newfoundland dog, when pursuing a flock of sheep, will single out one of them, and, if not prevented, which is a matter of considerable difficulty, will never leave off the pursuit until he has mastered his intended victim, always aiming at the throat; and, after having sucked the blood, has never been known to touch the carcase.

The natural colour of this dog was a per-

fect black, with the exception of very few white spots. As soon as winter approached, he acquired a coat which grew to the depth of about one inch, of close coarse wool, deviating from the original colour only by an inclination to red; the long, thick, glossy hairs preserved the same colour up to the surface of the coat, and then turned generally to a perfect white: it is probable that a more constant exposure to the weather would have made the change of colour more complete. The sagacity of this animal was astonishing; on many occasions he appeared to want only the faculty of speech to make himself fully understood.

To mention another remarkable instance, which also came within the Author's observation: one of the magistrates of Harbour-Grace, had an old animal of this kind who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow him. If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go, fetch thy master," he would immediately set off and proceed directly to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from the place of his master's residence; he would then stop at the door of every house which he knew that his master was in the habit of frequenting, and laying down his lantern, growl and strike the door, making all the noise in his power until it was opened; if his master was not there, he would proceed farther, in the same manner, until he had found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

Although the account of the animal plant is not new, we are tempted to copy it.

Here also are found some of those extraordinary productions of nature which compose the order of zoophyta, or animal flowers, forming the link between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. The specimen which I had an opportunity of observing, in the year 1811, in Bay-Bulls, resembled a collection of long thick leaves, issuing from the surface of a small insulated rock not far from the shore, and always under water. These seeming leaves were of a bright straw colour, with streaks and spots of green distributed in some parts in a regular and in others in an irregular manner. On the near approach of a stick or other similar substance they immediately contracted towards the centre, and closed together, having then the appearance of a plant in the form of a truncated cone; but, if left undisturbed for a few minutes, they gradually expanded, though at first very cautiously, till they appeared in all their former bloom, waving sometimes together and sometimes separately in different directions. The rock itself exhibited on its surface a thick bed of the

weed called water-bottles, very much resembling scattered clusters of unripe grape. Every attempt to lay hold of any of those seeming leaves was fruitless. I was informed that this rock had been more than once most carefully bored and drilled with a sharp iron instrument, so as to destroy every vestige of vegetation on its surface, and to lay it completely bare; and in the course of a few days the plant was seen again on the very same spot, displaying the same appearances as before, of bloom, sensation, and voluntary motion of its parts.

We do not gather much information relative to the interior of the island, or its Aboriginal inhabitants, from the volume which we are now about to close; but there are two or three short passages touching the other natives, which seem worthy of selection; and with them we take leave of a work which does much credit to its reverend author, whose moderation and impartiality are conspicuous throughout.

With respect to the Newfoundland Indians in particular, separated for ages from all other nations, and hunted like wild beasts by the Esquimaux from the opposite coast, they appear to have ever viewed their civilized neighbours settled on the coast of the island with an inveterate hatred, and an implacable spirit of revenge, fed by the sense or tradition of encroachments and injuries transmitted from generation to generation; for all writers agree in asserting that, in savages, no time can obliterate the remembrance of an offence; the desire of vengeance is the first and almost the only principle which a savage instils into the minds of his children: this grows up with them as they advance in life; it resembles the instinctive rage of an animal, rather than the passion of a man, and is the great motive urged by the chiefs in order to excite their people to take arms. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to suppose that the native savages of Newfoundland have retained in the fullest extent all the features characteristic of the savage state; a supposition which the information that has hitherto been obtained respecting them, tends most strongly to confirm.

With respect to the inhabitants of Newfoundland of European extraction, they are either natives, or descendants from natives, of Great Britain, Ireland, or of the islands of Guernsey and Jersey. The latter have generally retained the manners of their respective ancestors, with some qualifications arising from the difference of climate and of the mode of living, so as to exhibit rather a compound of all.

The regularity established by the nature of the pursuits of the inhabitants of Newfoundland, impresses the same character on all the principal occurrences of life. Marriages and christenings usually take

place either at the fall, when the fishing concerns are at an end, and all accounts are settled, or sometimes in the spring, previous to the resuming of those occupations. They are seasons of festivity, celebrated with good cheer and the firing of guns.

Their funeral ceremonies are generally conducted with some parade, and attended by a large concourse of people, in proportion to the regard entertained by the public for the deceased.

Their customs are indeed a mixture of those of all their ancestors, slightly altered by time and climate; and altogether they are a less interesting than an important colony.

Maurice and Berghetta; or, the Priest of Rahery. A Tale. London, 1819. 12mo. pp. 356.

A tale written by Mr. Parnell, a Protestant gentleman of Ireland, Member for Wicklowshire, we believe, brother to Sir Henry Parnell, and related in descent to the poet of that name. It is of that anomalous genus which is known by the name of "Political Novel;" i. e. it recommends the writer's opinions, by example as well as precept, and endeavours to inculcate truth by fable, and render us wise in realities by romance. To effect much good in this way requires consummate skill; and we fear that Mr. Parnell has only brought ardent feelings. If we are to be instructed by the conduct of imaginary beings, that conduct must be probable, within the rules of life, consistent with common sense, and in fine, agreeable to our experience of the world, rather than our imaginations about heroes and heroines of supernatural powers and fortunes. Of this grand distinction the author appears to us to have lost sight. For all practical purposes his production is an idle vagary, and nothing remains for us but to consider it in its true light, of a mere invention to amuse a leisure hour. The Priest of Rahery is a romantic priest; Berghetta, the heroine, is a romantic name and character; and the same may be said of all the chief actors in this piece.

The novel is dedicated "to the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland;" and its Protestant writer tells them that, which if he believes, he ought immediately to read his recantation, viz. that the principle of domestic nomination "must raise their church to an eminence of piety and talent, far beyond that of the Protestant or any other church, where the interest of politicians is allowed to in-

fluence the choice of the chief servants of religion." Of course a man ought to belong to the *most pious* church with which he is acquainted; but as that would not at present be consistent with the oaths of a member of Parliament, Mr. Parnell, we presume, will wait a little before he abjures the Protestant faith.

Now, for our parts, we have nothing to do with his religious persuasion, only that we think a romance a bad method of proselytizing; and that a person professing one creed, should not be so ultra-liberal as to prefer another, especially another which he has sworn he believes to be in error. However, he must take his own way; and we, as Reviewers, have only to note, that his declared object "is not to write a novel, but to place such observations on the manners of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation."

In executing this design, the parish Priest of Rahery holds out to his flock the example of Moriortagh, or Maurice O'Neal and Berghetta Tual, his wife; the former a day-labourer, though descended from Irish royalty, and the latter a second Griselda, of good family, and less tried by the evils of life. The other characters, besides the Priest himself, are Una, sister to Maurice; Hi Sullivan Bere, the discontented and rebellious representative of a race degraded by the English oppressors; Rory, his faithful follower; Rose M'Cormick, an old superstitious crone, related to Maurice; and Merritt M'Cormick, her son, a worthless ruffian.

We shall not attempt to unravel the story, which is infinitely improbable: there are many marriages, births, and deaths; some accidents, exploits, a rising, massacre, and execution. The peasant doing job-work in a ditch one day, is entertained in a castle the next; and sundry persons in the end become Spanish grandees, princes, princesses, &c. &c. whom we had all along been viewing in menial and dependant situations. To state the circumstances which led to these marvellous changes and revolutions would be a great waste of time, and we rather prefer giving our readers a taste of the work by some miscellaneous extracts. Maurice visits England, and is delighted with the system of farming which he sees carried on by an agricultural friend, one Headcroft. He thus writes on the subject to his pastor at Rahery:

And oh what a sight to me was an English farm-house and farm! every thing within so clean, lightsome, airy, and orderly; all the yards so neatly swept; the garden and shrubbery so trim; the men so decent, the maids so tidy; the ground so well laboured, not a weed—no scutch; gates to every field, hedges too, and all clipped; and such waggons and carts, and in such profusion, with houses for all, to save them from sun and weather. But oh, the horses! the horses! never shall I forget the first time I saw a waggon and the eight noble animals that drew it, I could have fallen down on my knees to them, as they went by; and indeed, though while I was on foot about the farm, seeing and admiring every thing, I was as gay as the blaze of the sun; yet when we came home in the evening, and there was no conversation like yours, my dear sir, to call one out of oneself, I thought of our miserable carts of garrons, and logs of cars, the naked fields, and all the desolation of the headland of Bengore, I became so sad, that when I was left alone with young John Headcroft, the tears came so fast from my eyes that I could not hide them. He stared at me, but thinking it was because I felt strange among new acquaintance, told me he was like an old acquaintance with me already, and his father and all the rest would be in a day or two. I said that his farm was a darling spot of ground, and I was quite obliged to him for bringing me to it; but when I made him understand what it was that had come across my mind, "Cheer up, my lad," said he, "if that is all, I will bring father's waggons and team over to you, and set all things to rights;" and he was quite in earnest: but I, who knew how all our self-sufficient boobies would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English waggon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver; and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hip* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the waggon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it. Young Headcroft roared with laughter at this account, but said he would bring the waggon and team notwithstanding, and put on his smock-frock and drive it himself.

There is some national spirit in the character of Merritt M'Cormick, of whom the Priest says,

I met him reeling drunk, poor lad, not twenty-one years old; and instead of avoiding me, he came bluffly staggering by. "And are you not ashamed," cried I, "to make a beast of yourself?" "And tell me now, Father," says he, "what virtue would there be in a glass of whiskey, if it did not make an alteration in a man?" He was the most audacious liar I ever knew; for his whole face lied as well as his tongue, ha

could throw into it such an assurance of simplicity and veracity. I asked him why he preferred telling a lie, even though there seemed no advantage in it. "From pure caution, Father," says he, "and forethought: you may unsay a lie if you find it distressing, but you cannot unsay the truth, if it is ever so inconvenient: lies are like snails' horns, you throw out one or two just to feel your way, and if all's safe, then come out of your shell and welcome." Now he would say all these hellish aphorisms in the most natural and self-complacent manner; so that one could have laughed, if there had not been a soul in jeopardy.

The marriage of this rude fellow, is one of the most characteristic parts of the volume.

Some dozen of Merritt's companions, whom the sheer love of confederation led into every kind of turbulence and wickedness, having no treason on the anvil, gave out that a big two-handed wench, with a blowy face, who had got the name of a fine girl from tramping gigs at night dances, was to be hurled for. Her name was Katty Coughar: on the appointed morning, the riot and route surrounded her father's house; and though he and her mother made some show of resistance, the girl was little loth, as her red ribbands proclaimed; and being hoisted on men's shoulders, was carried to the field, to be the prize of the victor. Then the dashers, and the slashers, and the wits, and the devil-may-care boys, were all in their shirt sleeves tied with ribbands, and the hurling began: and in truth, the games in Homer and Virgil are not to be compared to it, if it could be turned to any laudable account. Merritt McCormick was dominant throughout; and being an active, clean-limbed lad, after a hard contest of three hours, he put the ball through the sticks, and goaled the girl. Then all in a blaze of glory, and inflamed with success, he kisses the girl, though he did not care a rush for her, and off they are borne to be married, amidst shouts and huzzas. But a busybody having run off to tell Mrs. McCormick, the mother, soon you might hear her shrieking and cursing the stars, and luck, good, bad, and indifferent; for she had laid out the best match in the island for her son, and having her share of mother's wit, was high to bring it to bear: and this Katty Coughar was of a redshank breed, pennyless to boot; and Mrs. McCormick was indeed of the Milesian race, though with a few blots in it. She tore off her cap,—she tore her hair,—she tore her cheeks, and ran out in her stocking feet; and was lunatic in a trice. But she had still sense enough, and humbled she was, or she would not have done it, to call to advise with Maurice. He borrowed a cap and pair of shoes of the maid for her, and putting her behind him on a horse, rode off for the bride's father's house, where I soon received a summons to marry them. I delayed as long as I decently could do, but it was in vain. The company raised such a

shout as soon as Mrs. McCormick appeared, that she could not even make herself heard; and Merritt had grown so fractious from long indulgence, that he little heeded her; and those who knew her best, plied her so with drink, that finding opposition vain, she soon blubbered out a consent, and sat down to table with them all.

The picture of a thriftless peasant and such a wife, of a sot and a slattern, is finished more at length on a posterior visit of their confessor.

There was no fence before the door, where the constant treading of the pigs, and a green spring that rose thereabout, had worked all the soil into mire: to remedy this, there were stepping stones, laid at uneven distances, to pick your way; but the day I arrived, being windy, Katty had taken one of these to put upon the thatch of the house, which had begun to strip, and having to wait till it was replaced, I had leisure to view the premises. There was no shelter to this mud domicile. The only thing like a tree was a thorn-bush cut flat by the wind, on which Katty hung her muslin to dry; and this accounted for the many rents which generally appeared in her finery. There was a fine growth of oats in patches on the roof of the house, where wrangles of new straw had been thrust in to repair old breaches in the thatch; but this not having been done in time, the mud wall had taken the wet and burst out: to remedy this, a great buttress of mason work had been built, to support the wall, which must have cost more than building a new wall would have done: however, it served to lean against. The house originally boasted of two windows, each consisting of four panes of glass of the kind called bull's-eyes; one eye at present only was left, the seven other vacancies were stopped with two old crowns of hats, the remains of a scarlet petticoat, and straw: so that there was little light but what came through the door, and this had to contend for entrance with a cloud of smoke which issued from within. The dung-hill, or rather the muck-hole, was at the side of the door; and Merritt persisted in gathering it there, because it had been a dung-hill site since the wars of Ireland: but he knew it would be no use moving it, for his wife would not pass beyond the threshold of the door to empty her slops, or dispose of the litter of the house. Inside the house was not much worse than its neighbours: there was no light, but plenty of smoke. The clay floor trod into holes covered every thing with dust, and made sweeping vain: which saved Katty a world of trouble; as the rats, which had made a burrow in the thatch, continued their operations unmolested day and night, and showered down dirt and straws; and Katty's heart might have been broke contending with them.

As I was preparing to enter, I heard Katty screeching, "Hutchaw! oolaghan!" and out rushed a sow and her pigs: I made way for them, and to these succeeded a

flight of hens and turkeys, a flock of geese, three cur dogs, and a lame gander.

"Now I believe I may come in, Mrs. McCormick," said I, still cautious.

"Yes, and welcome, your Reverence," says she, "it's a sorry cabin to ask the likes of you to enter; and better would my luck have been, if I had never entered it; but young girls think it is only to marry, and their fortune's made: but then it is their slavery begins; nothing but drudgery and trouble with a drunken husband and cross children to fret one's heart: but run," said she, turning to a slob of a girl, that seemed to have stole her tatters from the shoulders of a scare-crow, "run, Judy, and fetch the child that I left without in the spout.—Ah, this is a sad ree-raw house we keep," continued she, "and no refreshment to offer your Reverence, but a mug of cold water, for Merritt drinks all his liquor from home, and the mother is on a visit before we take our departure."

"Any how," said I, "I am glad to see, Mrs. McCormick, that you do not give in to that unfeminine practice of tasting spirits."

"Truth, and I often sigh for it," said she, "for there is nothing comforts the heart like it."

I shrugged my shoulders, and knowing that she was already past cure, I asked for Merritt. She whispered me,

"He is hiding from you: he came back from Rosinallis fair this morning, with the life beat out of him."

"Come out, Merritt," said I, "you, that put a bold face on sins, need not be ashamed of scars."

He came out with a bloody handkerchief tied round his head, and one arm in a sling. For some time past he had been losing all appearance of health and youth; and though he still attempted to brave it out, his spirits were quite gone, and he was fast subsiding into the natural decay of all buckeens,—dirt, stupidity, and peevishness. He seemed to have lost all forethought, and to care for no comfort.

At page 117 we have a curious assertion, and one which we utterly discredit, as an unjust reproach upon the Catholic population of Ireland, whose cause the author undertakes to advocate. The Priest is the speaker, and he says,

James Hi Sullivan, with great reasons for being contented, nourished the keenest regret for his lost family honours, and the bitterest rancour against his spoliators, the English: no thought of the kind seemed ever to occur to Maurice; he was the only Irish Catholic I ever knew, who was perfectly free from that festering discontent, which seems to me the greatest evil that results from the iniquitous laws, that separate us from our fellow-countrymen, and worry us out of the good feelings of our nature.

What? Only one Catholic not infected with the bitterest rancour against the

English!! Our experience, limited as it is, contradicts that of the Priest of Rahery in a multitude of instances.

We cannot spare room for much more. The high-spirited and noble Hi Sullivan, and the amiable and virtuous Maurice, enter into a rebellion—a precious example to do honour to the career of insubordination and murder in the eyes of their less perfect countrymen. It is true that Maurice rates their adherents for burning the wretched English family, men, women, and babes, who have committed the heinous crime of purchasing the Sullivan estate; but then the barbarity of the laws, and the cruelty of Judges who condemn for such peccadilloes, are painted in exaggerated colours so as to take out the sting from this reproof, and put the assassins in the light of martyrs. We quote, in conclusion, a few passages illustrative of these events, and of the inconsiderate spirit in which this book is written. The narrator says,

It was plain now, that the massive timbers of the castle had caught fire, for the whole sky was illumined with the blaze. Presently the flames might be seen bursting out from each window, and in this manner the castle continued for a length of time pouring out fire, while the wind drove along the flames and a black heavy cloud of smoke.

As I approached, the whole roof sunk in, and a shout, which it was horrid to hear, evinced that the whole clan surrounded the castle.

Maurice, with all his speed, had arrived too late; Merritt was there, the fury that led the orgies; he had easily incited the char-woman to lay fire to different parts of the castle, and having given the clan notice, and well inflamed their minds with the rage of vengeance, they had gathered round the castle, and barricaded the gate and every exit of the castle with stones and heavy pieces of timber. The worst had already happened, the unfortunate inhabitants of the castle seemed to have perished; but Maurice's attention was instantly caught by the appearance of a woman and a boy at the window of a tower. To save them was all that he could do, and the ivy that covered the walls made it just possible. He attempted to climb the angle made by the tower with the wall. He placed his back firmly against the tower, and making his footing sure either in the ivy or crevices of the wall, he slowly ascended. The crowd, who had been hitherto intent only on destruction, was taken with the magnanimity of the enterprise; every one now rushed forward to assist him, and raised poles to give him a firmer rest. He asked for a rope; one was handed to him; and well used to scaling his native rocks, he soon reached the top of the wall. He guessed that from the parapet there was a

door to the tower, nor was he disappointed; but a cloud of smoke, that proceeded from it, might have deterred any one else from entering. He ascended the narrow stairs in haste, and opened the door at the head. Here he found a female in a state of distraction, holding in her arms a boy, who was stupified with terror. Maurice lost not an instant, but fastening the rope to a heavy bedstead, took the boy on his back, and urging him to keep fast hold, descended from the window by the rope, and brought him safe to the ground; a general shout accompanied his success, and now several young men darted forward, and struggled to seize the rope to save the woman; but all gave way when Maurice prepared to renew his enterprise. But he had not ascended twenty feet, when fire and smoke burst from the window, and a female scream, most horrid for men to hear, told the fate of the unhappy woman: at the same time the rope snapped, and Maurice fell to the ground severely bruised, and the short bone of his left arm broken.

Merritt falsely accuses Hi Sullivan of this atrocity; he having been dissuaded from pursuing his enterprise an hour before his misguided and inflamed clan committed it. He is consequently condemned to death, after the "mockery of a trial!" An unsuccessful attempt at escape precedes the final doom.

When we arrived at the place, which was the burnt castle, he surveyed the gibbet with little change of countenance; but not so, when, as we approached, and the crowd opened, we saw Una dressed in black, kneeling at the foot of the gibbet, and embracing it with her arms.

"This is death, indeed," cried Hi Sullivan, his face changing to pale; "and I must make one more effort with these barbarians." Then, when the commandant approached to lead him to execution, he pointed to Una, and again urged his entreaty, that the soldiers might dispatch him; but this inexorable man contemptuously refused.

"God forgive me, then," said Hi Sullivan, "for having abased myself to these oppressors of my country.—Farewell, dearest Maurice," he added, leaning his face to his, "love my memory." Then lightly springing up, before any one was aware, or could prevent him, he carried a phial of poison to his lips, and drank it. His death was instant; but the commandant disappointed, as it were, of his prey, grew furious, and ordered the soldiers to hang him up.

"Father of mercies!" I cried, "he is still convulsed, respect him as his soul passes to eternity." I spoke to the tempest and the rock.

Hi Sullivan, as I afterwards learnt, when he found that he could not obtain to die the death of a soldier, sent for Mrs. McCormick, and, having heard of her skill in

drugs, entreated her, if she wished to compensate him for the ill her son had done him, to furnish him with a potent poison. She divining in her wicked mind, that it was intended for his enemies, did not hesitate, but boiled water hemlock and laurel to a strong decoction, and gave it to him, assuring him, that a few drops would kill more suddenly than a knife through the heart.

The next morning I provided for the decent interment of the noble Hi Sullivan. He, the last of a mighty race, was borne to his burial unaccompanied by any kindred. We laid him in Kilbride cemetery, the most ancient and sacred burying ground in the neighbourhood. "Farewell," I cried, "dear and generous Hi Sullivan! thy faults and thy misfortunes arose alike from thy being born in this country devoted to evil. We need not mourn for thee here laid to rest; earth is thy bed, and not thy grave."

Hither the young should come to learn how quickly falls the star of human glory. And many a one I have since sent a pilgrim to Kilbride church-yard.

Such is the style, and such the moral of Mr. Parnell's Tale. The honesty of his principles we shall not question; but we must say, that we can conceive nothing more mischievous than the tendency of his doctrines, and nothing short of the ennobling of anarchy and massacre, to be the clear gist of his examples;—for either of which, the medium of a novel was of all vehicles the most unfit.

DON JUAN.

London, 1819. 4to. pp. 227.

[Concluded.]

In our preceding notice of this poem, we mentioned the circumstances which led to the hero's being sent on his travels. The second Canto is principally occupied with the description of a tempest,—the wreck of the vessel in which Juan sails from Cadiz,—the miseries of those who escape in the boat,—the final horrors which precede his being thrown alone upon an unknown shore,—his revival under the affectionate nursing of a Grecian maid,—and their consequent loves. There appears to us, to be more of powerful and genuine poetry in this than in the first Canto. It is equally voluptuous towards the conclusion; but in painting the strife of the elements, and the agonies of famine driven by despair to cannibalism, the author puts forth his genius, and commands our souls. We might object to the touches of the ludicrous in these parts, but Voltaire and others, the greatest wits and satirists of all ages have set the example of considering this "great globe itself," as the theatre of farce, in which human miseries, vices and crimes, are to be laughed at like human follies.

In recently reviewing *Mazeppa*, we were so much struck by the frequent poverty of language, that we expressed a fear that

Lord Byron was losing his native tongue—we now beg to retract that opinion. Never was English festooned into more luxuriant stanza than in Don Juan. Like the dolphin sporting in its native waves, at every turn, however grotesque, displaying a new hue and a new beauty, the noble author has shewn an absolute controul over his means, and at every cadence, rhyme, or construction, however whimsical, delighted us with novel and magical associations. But it is time to give over our prosing for his poetry. Juan's parting from Spain, presents itself foremost, though the fourth line is not apt, and the steeple in the eighth, not applicable to people.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern, Beheld his native Spain receding far; First partings form a lesson hard to learn, Even nations feel this when they go to war: There is a sort of unexpressed concern, A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar: And leaving even the most unpleasant people And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

But Juan had got many things to leave, His mother, and a mistress, and no wife; So that he had much better cause to grieve Than many persons more advanced in life; And if we now and then a sigh must heave At quitting even those we quit in strife, No doubt we weep for those the heart endears— That is, till deeper grief congeal our tears.

His farewell to the land of his nativity follows:

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried;

"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more, But die, as many an exiled heart hath died, Of its own thirst to see again thy shore: Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide! Farewell, my mother! and since all is o'er, Farewell, too, dearest Julia—(here he drew

Her letter out again, and read it through).

"And, oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear— But that's impossible, and cannot be— Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air, Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea, Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair! Or think of any thing excepting thee; A mind diseased no remedy can physic— (Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

"Sooner shall Heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sick)—

Oh, Julia! what is every other woe? (For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor: Pedro! Battista! help me down below.) Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker) Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)— Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching! (Here he grew inarticulate with retching).

This was, however, but the beginning of his misfortunes. The vessel in which he is bound for Leghorn, encounters a dreadful storm, which is, at least, in its commencement, quaintly, if not decorously described:

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms

As rum and true religion; thus it was, Some plundered, some drank spirits, some sung psalms;

The high winds made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms

Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamoured in chorus to the roaring ocean.

After struggling manfully against the evils which assail them, the crew are compelled to leave the sinking vessel and take to their boats, while the ship goes down, "head foremost." The rest is exquisitely told:

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash

Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

This is a highly wrought picture: the individuality of its termination realizes all the general distress of its opening, and were the word 'shriek,' altered in either place in the last stanza, it would be as poetically as ideally correct. Two hundred are lost in the ship, but their fate is nothing in comparison with that of one strong swimmer out-living all the rest, long victorious, amid the raging waters, but at last worn out, with a single groan and convulsive effort, surrendering his soul to the merciless element. Thus does Sterne with his single captive excite a far stronger emotion than a cart-load of declamations on the misery of imprisonment.

Nine of the unhappy companions of Juan take to the cutter, and thirty to the long-boat, including his travelling tutor Pedrillo. Pedro, his valet, having tried to keep his spirits up by drinking, falls into the sea:

And so he found a wine-and-watery grave:

but Juan saved a small old spaniel which had been his father's.

The cutter is soon swamped and its little freight of lives perishes: the boat, however, rides out the gale and is driven for many days no one knows whither. The sufferings of its inmates, taking it in turns to sit and stand, lead to a ludicrous illustration in the instance of Annuitants; which, we are afraid, is another of the numerous and rather unfeeling cuts at Lady Byron and her nearest relations, which the poem contains:

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,

When patients, neither plagned with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife

Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities,
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors;—yet so true it is,

That some, I really think, do never die;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And that's their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I find very troublesome to pay.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed—

The thirty did so, but in the end our author presses them into the extreme of want. Their provisions are all exhausted, and they became ravenously wild for food. The spaniel is their first victim, but alas!

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun

Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,

They lay like carcases; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see

The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;

And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,

'Twas but his own suppress'd till now, he found:

And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

The lot falls on poor Pedrillo the tutor, who is bled to death and eaten: and we must confess that we deem this scene a blot upon the poem. If we are affected by the writer's pathos, in the very same proportion are we disgusted with the jests on the lots being made from Juan's love letter, on the surgeon's being gratified with the first choice of morsels, and taking a draught of blood, and on the entrails and brains being thrown to two sharks, while the remainder is devoured. We (our editorial plural unit is much against us here), cannot but remember that Pedrillo is a man, and

Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.

Juan and three or four of the sailors reject this odious food—many of those who indulge in it go mad, blaspheme, drink salt-water like a mountain stream, and die despairing:

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infiction,
And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows:

Still not warned by the example of their comrades, the remnant crew wish to sacrifice the master's mate, who is the fattest of their number: he is absolved on account of a malady caught before sailing, and matters too horrible for jocularity are most ridiculously fashioned out in this division of the story. We cannot continue our extracts here, and therefore pass to the *acme* of their wretchedness, where portraiture is again introduced with true poetic skill to aggravate the pitiable hopelessness of their situation. The different afflictions of two fathers are almost beyond endurance, for the cruel force with which they are portrayed:

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one

Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!"

"I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam

From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length
was come,

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half
glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to
roam,

He squeezed from out a rag some drops of
rain

Into his dying child's mouth,—but in vain!

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen
lay

Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were
past,

He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein
'twas cast;

Then he himself sunk down all dumb and
shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs
quivering.

We cannot but regret that such sterling
claims on posterity, as these lines unfold,
should be linked to the dross of ribald
licentiousness, and bald profligacy in any
part. But this is, indeed, a very mixed
production.

The boat, with its numbers reduced to
four, at length nears the land, and is run
ashore amidst the breakers, whence Juan
alone escapes, and is cast senseless upon
the beach. He is rescued by a girl of
seventeen, of whom there is a luscious
drawing:

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were
roll'd

In braids behind, and though her stature
were

Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heels; and in her
air

There was a something which bespoke com-
mand,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same
hue,

Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow
lies

Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance
flies,

Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow
flew;

'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his
length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's
pure dye

Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us
sigh

Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's
done—

I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

The father of this beauty, under the ap-
pearance of a fisherman, is a smuggler and
pirate; by the pursuit of which occupations

he has become rich. Inhabiting one of
the wild and smaller Cyclades, he fre-
quently supplied the Turkish market with

slaves of both sexes; and to shield Juan
from this fate the fair Haidee, assisted by
her servant Zoe, resolves to complete the

restoration of her protégé in a cave upon
the shore. Here, after chafing and nursing,
they are with little morality, said to have

—left him to his lone repose:
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps, (God only knows)

Just for the present;—
It is otherwise with the love-infected Gre-
cian maiden, as her home—

Not so Haidee; she sadly toss'd and tum-
bled,

And started from her sleep, and, turning
o'er,

Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which
she stumbled,

And handsome corpses strew'd upon the
shore;

And woke her maid so early that she grum-
bled,

And call'd her father's old slaves up, who
swore

In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and
Greek,—

They knew not what to think of such a freak.
But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the sun, that
makes

Sweet skies, just when he rises, or is set;
And 'tis no doubt, a sight to see when
breaks

Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are
wet

With mist, and every bird with him
awakes,

And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband, or some other brute.

Haidee's morning visit to Juan, is one of
the finest passages in the poem.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps
drew,

While the sun smiled on her with his first
flame,

And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with
dew,

Taking her for her sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing
the two,

Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept:

And then she stopp'd and stood as if in
awe,

(For sleep is awful) and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, least the air, he
saw,

Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as
death,

Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-
drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and
there

All tranquilly, the shipwreck'd boy was
lying,

As o'er him lay the calm and stireless air;
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair

Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should
ask it,

She drew out her provision from the basket.
She knew that the best feelings must have
victual—

Notwithstanding the burlesque termina-
tion, there are some charming images in
this passage. The stolen intercourse in the
cave is full of romance and pleasure.

Haidee, unshackled by religious opinions
or social forms, yields her whole soul up to
the delirium of mutual love, and Juan soon
forgets his Julia. His acquisition of Ro-
manic is prettily expressed:

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her
look:

As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:

Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance, than any graven let-
ter.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange
tongue

By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are
young;

As was the case, at least, where I have
been;

They smile so when one's right, and when
one's wrong,
They smile still more, and then there is
terrene

Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste
kiss:—

I learn'd the little that I know by this:—

The growth and perfection of Haidee's attachment is very admirably delineated in a few lines:

Juan seem'd

To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,
Of whom, these two years, she had nightly
dream'd,

A something to be lov'd, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she
deem'd

To render happy; all who joy would win
Must share it;—*Happiness was born a twin.*

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him
wake:

To live with him for ever were too much;
But then the thought of parting made her
quake:

He was her own, her ocean-treasure cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her
last.

But toppers as well as lovers may take their
text from Don Juan, who assures us, that

Few things surpass old wine; and they may
preach

Who please,—the more because they preach
in vain,—

Let us have wine and women, mirth and
laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

Man being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:

Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are
sunk

The hopes of all men and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the
trunk

Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occa-
sion;

But to return.—Get very drunk; and when
You wake with head-ache, you shall see what
then.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll
know

A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with
snow,

Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or laughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-
water.

Yet, it is in depicting the consummation of
Juan's new amour, that Lord Byron puts
forth all his strength, and revels in conjur-
ing up the ideas of a Paphian voluptuary.
There is so little of principle, and so much
of poetry here, that we are at a loss whether
to quote, or simply allude to the general
character of the performance. As we would
rather, however, be thought defective than
dangerous, we shall decide on curtailing
our concluding selections. Haidee's father
goes to sea, and the lovers range at full
liberty:

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who, shut in chambers, think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the star-light bay,

The twilight glow, which momentarily grew
less,

The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that
lay

Around them, made them to each other
press,

As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never
die.

They feared no eyes, nor ears, on that lone
beach,

They felt no terrors from the night, they
were

All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a lan-
guage there,—

And all the burning tongues the passions
teach

Found in one sigh, the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her
fall.

* * * * *

What follows is not so free from reproach,
and we pass to a cluster of rare similes on
the pleasure of watching a beloved object
when asleep.

An infant, when it gazes on a light,
A child, the moment when it drains the
breast,

A devotee when soars the host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,

Feel rapture; but not such true joy are
reaping

As they who watch o'er what they love while
sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it has of life with us is living;

So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;

All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's
diving;

There lies the thing we love, with all its
errors

And all its charms, like death without its
terrors.

We cannot conclude better than with this
fine verse, though we may add one more,
as winding up the story:

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were
plighted

Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torch-
es, shed

Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;
Ocean their witness, and the cave their
bed,

By their own feelings hallowed and united,
Their priest was Solitude and they were
wed:

And they were happy, for to their young
eyes

Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

In this delusion, as the author does, do we
leave them. We have copied enough to

afford a perfect idea of the style and nature
of this poem, which appears to us to be a

singularly felicitous mixture of burlesque
and pathos, of humorous observation and

the higher elements of poetical composi-
tion. Almost every stanza yields a proof

of this, as they are so constructed that the
six first lines and the last two usually al-

ternate with tenderness or whim. Some
verses have been expunged, and asterisks
inserted, but whether in the room of pas-
sages reckoned too strong, or merely to ex-
cite curiosity, we do not know. If the
former, we most sincerely wish that they
had been more copiously employed, since
the great objection to Don Juan must be
felt to be its licentiousness. It is lament-
able to think that the author has fallen so
deeply into this error: in ribaldry, he is
exceeded, and in drollery, (though he is
often exceedingly amusing), surpassed by
many writers who have had their day and
sunk into oblivion; but in highly-wrought
interest, and overwhelming passion, he is
himself alone. Here is the basis of his
fame, and we could wish that the structure
stood uncontaminated with that levity and
pruriency which the less scrupulous may
laugh at to-day, but which has no claim to
the applause of judicious or moral contem-
poraries, or of impartial posterity.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans,
for Jan. 1819.*

1. Pensées de Platon, recueillies par
M. Leclerc.—Reviewed by M. Letronne.

2. Ginguené, Hist. Litt. d'Italie.—Re-
viewed by M. Daunou.

3. Norberg Codex Nazareus.—Reviewed
by M. Silvestre de Sacy.

4. Volney, Alphabet Européen appliqué
aux langues Asiatiques.—Reviewed by M.
A. Remusat.

5. Proposita, &c. Proposals for some
Corrections and Additions to the Vocabu-
lary of La Crusca.—Reviewed by M. Ray-
nouard.

6. Thurot. "Qu'est-ce que la Philoso-
phie?"—Reviewed by M. Cousin.

7. Voyage fait en 1813 et 1814, dans le
Pays entre Meuse et Rhin.—Reviewed
by M. Tessier.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

*Observations in England, from the Journal
of the Second Tour of their Imperial High-
nesses the Archdukes John and Louis of
Austria, through the British Provinces.*

On the 2d of Jan. we again left London; a
handsome stone bridge crosses the Thames.
The first stage is Hounslow, ten miles from
London. From this place we went to
Slough, to pay a visit to Herschel. He
lives in a small but pretty house, close to
which is his observatory. His great tele-
scope is erected in the middle of a grass-
plat. The tube of this prodigious instru-
ment is thirty-nine feet four inches in
length, and is made of plates of rolled iron.
The great speculum, when it came from
the mould in which it was cast, weighed
4118 lbs. The foot of the instrument is
moved by a very simple mechanism. The
observer sits upon a chair at the side of the
upper aperture, with his back to the object
to be observed, and directs the magnifier to

the image reflected by the great speculum below in the telescope. A similar but smaller telescope is near at hand, and also an instrument which he calls the Comet-seeker. In an adjoining building are several smaller telescopes, partly finished, all made upon the same principles, with only this difference, that the eye-glass is at the side of the aperture. Herschel polishes the metallic specula himself, by means of machinery; and the whole art consists in the curvature which he gives them. The mirrors in time lose their brilliancy, and require fresh polishing. Hence the use of them in foreign countries is very limited, because nobody knows how to give them this polish. Herschel has described his whole process in writing, so that his art cannot be lost with his death. He is now near eighty years of age, and notwithstanding his sixty years' residence in England, still speaks German very well. He invented and made the instruments to which we owe so many remarkable discoveries, among which is the knowledge of a new planet. The foggy atmosphere of England is very unfavorable to his observations, as he does not reckon above a hundred hours fit for observation in the whole year. Every thing new that he discovers in his examination of the heavens, he communicates to the observatory at Greenwich, to make the calculations and more exact researches. For the complete observation of the heavens, it would require, he told us, nine hundred years, after the expiration of which, instruments of greater diameter may be made. He has at times continued his observations for twenty-four hours together, and through the cold winter nights. His sister was his assistant in his observations; we were introduced to her; she too has not forgotten the German. Though we would most willingly have stopped longer with this remarkable man, to whom the sciences are so much indebted, and whose conversation, when he communicated his ideas to us, was highly interesting, we were obliged to hurry away, having still a long journey to make before night.

On our arrival in Oxford, we delivered the letters which we had brought for Sir C. P. Professor of Medicine, and the Abbé B., and by this means obtained facilities to see the whole University. Sir C. P. felt himself indeed flattered by our visit, but yet he was rather vexed that the government had not given him any notice of it. The incognito too, which we observed, and by which we avoided the Doctors' degree, and other ceremonies, which appear to be highly valued here, seemed not to please this Professor. In the course of the day, he forgot all this, and was then very amiable. The Abbé B., a Frenchman, who has lived here these twenty years, was of great service to us. As it happened to be vacation time, we were able to see every thing very conveniently.

This University differs in its arrangements, as well as in the mode of instruction, from all others. The students live in several buildings called colleges, where they

board and lodge on payment of a certain sum every year. They pay ten pounds sterling for one room, and a fixed sum for board. Every one has two or three rooms, and they dine all together in refectories.

The young men are received at Oxford at the age of sixteen, if they have previously learned Latin and Greek in the London schools. In each of the colleges there are persons called masters or inspectors: the oldest of the students generally give instructions in the Latin and Greek languages and in rhetoric: they are called Fellows. In the greatest of these colleges there are lecture rooms, where the Professors of the principal sciences deliver their lectures. The students are not bound by any regulations for the arrangement of their studies, and may make their choice of the lectures they desire to attend. They may also prolong at pleasure their residence in the colleges, only they may not remain in them after they are married.

Out of lecture hours they may do what they please. In the morning they must meet in the chapel, to discover those who have passed the night out of the college. At nine o'clock in the evening the college is locked, and no one permitted to go in or out. The porter keeps the list, and marks down those who do not come home. Their punishment consists in prolonging, more or less, their period of study at the University: sometimes too they are sent home during a part of the lectures, which puts them back considerably.

After having studied four years, the young men, having been first examined, take the degree of Bachelor. At the end of seven years, they take the degree of Master of Arts, and at the expiration of sixteen years, that of Doctor. The first examination is the most rigorous.

Besides the colleges, there are other buildings called halls, in which students who attend the lectures are received to board; but these are dearer* than the colleges.

There are three vacations in the year; first, the whole of January; then Easter; and lastly, three months in summer: so that nearly five months are vacation.

The first college which we visited was Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey, in the fifteenth century. The architecture is entirely Gothic. The kitchen, arranged after the plan given by His Eminence himself, is shown as a curiosity. It is a very lofty room, with four hearths or fire-places, and the wooden ceiling is enriched with Gothic ornaments. A very handsome staircase, the ceiling of which is supported by a Gothic pillar in the form of a palm, leads to the dining room, where in general a hundred and fifty persons sit down to table. We went into the apartments of one of the Fellows, who, like all the students, seemed to be very well and conveniently lodged; he had a parlour, a bed-room, and a closet for study, with a very neat library.

We saw some other colleges, the oldest

* They are cheaper.—Ed.

of which is Brazenose College, the origin of which is as far back as the reign of King Alfred, the founder of the University. Each of these colleges has its own library, besides which there is a great university library, called the Bodleian Library. On the staircase there is a fine picture by a British artist, representing King John signing Magna Charta. The whole is in the Gothic style. The wooden ceiling is painted in the most ancient taste. We were assured that this is one of the richest libraries in the world, and contains near five hundred thousand volumes. The rarest works are in one large room by themselves, next to which is a smaller one, containing the Oriental MSS. of which the library has a great number. Among the most remarkable articles, they reckon a Manuscript of the fifth century, which belonged to Beda; many Sanskrit and Persian Manuscripts; the Koran which belonged to Tipoo Saib; Mexican Hieroglyphics, which are like those in the library of Vienna. A book of Latin Exercises in the hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth is also worthy of notice.

This collection receives daily additions, since a copy must be delivered to it, not only of all works printed in the kingdom, but also of all foreign works imported for sale: no book can be offered for sale till this tribute has been paid.

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOLCANIC PHENOMENA.

The Journal of the Two Sicilies mentions, that on a fine clear day, about the end of April last, a loud detonation was heard at Massa-Lubrensa, accompanied by a slight shock, which was supposed to be the effect of an earthquake. On the following day, however, it was discovered that the grounds in the vicinity of the town had entirely changed in appearance, presenting deep crevices and hollows; and from the masses of stones contained in them, it was easy to conjecture that the phenomenon was the effect of volcanic fires.

A terrible eruption of Mount Etna is mentioned, in recent accounts from Naples. It is stated, that the torrents of lava, which descended from the volcano, nearly threatened the destruction of the city of Catania, and covered the surrounding plains. A corresponding eruption took place at Vesuvius, though the latter has been without commotion for the last seven years. The lava ran in the direction of Pompeia. At the same time, Viterbo was visited by the shock of an earthquake.

THE FINE ARTS.

GLASS PAINTING.

In the second volume of the *Tahrbücher der Literatur*, (Annals of Literature,) a German Quarterly Review of the highest merit, are the following remarks on Glass Painting in Germany, being part of a Review on "Fiorillo's History of the Arts of Design in Germany," a most elaborate and

interesting work, which we shall probably have in future occasion to notice.

"With respect to Glass Painting, of which the author speaks, page 198, &c. we have lately read in *The English Literary Gazette*, (Nos. 25 and 32 of the *Literary Gazette*), an essay on Glass Painting, from which it appears that this art cannot by any means have been derived from England, (which the author also denies,) it being there proved that the first painting on glass in that country was executed under King John, who died in 1216: the art of painting on glass probably came to England from Germany or the Netherlands. After the researches which we have made, respecting glass painting, supported by our own not inconsiderable collection of ancient works of this kind, we assume three periods of this art.

"The most ancient painting on glass is the most beautiful and most durable. The glass is very thick and strong; on the one side we see clearly that the image is painted, and then, by an art now lost, it was burnt into the glass, so that there is no possibility of separating the image and the glass from each other. We see plainly also that in some places, in the hair, or to give relief to the shadows, or to ornaments that are of one colour, a sharp instrument, perhaps a graver, has been employed to scratch, but without cutting deep into the glass itself, in order to take away the colour again, and to produce strokes, as the pencil can only produce a whole mass. Here you may scrape as much as you will, the colour does not give way. In these panes, the colours are bright, brilliant and magnificent, especially the blues and dark reds, which, particularly when the sun shines through them, exceed every thing in splendour and beauty. This method continued a long time, and is very different in excellence of execution, according to the ability of the painters who furnished the pictures. In the very same age we find some very rude works, and others extremely elegant, which is the case at all times. In general the pictures are composed of single pieces joined together with lead; heads in particular, hands, and other parts again singly. Designs in which whole figures stand on large plates of glass, are rare; and we are inclined to assume that there are none such in the oldest period of glass-painting, but only in the second period: but to form a decisive opinion, a more general view of all the paintings, than we have yet obtained, is necessary. Glowing colours, very thick glass, and the most intimate combination of the glass with the painting, are the chief characteristics of this period.

"The second period, from about the sixteenth century, has thinner glass, and far fainter colours; very seldom, and often not at all, the fine glow of the red and blue; all is more flat and thin, and there is in particular a great proportion of yellow, which was more easy to burn in. It is also a highly important circumstance, that the colours were burnt in on both sides; on the one is the blue colour, always alone;

(this therefore must have been more or less capable of fusion); and on the other side, the other colours. In this period, we find also whole pictures on large plates of glass, without joining the single parts with lead; these are indeed rarer and more costly, but not so pleasing, because the colours are in general more faint. During this period the painters were chiefly engaged in painting armorial bearings.

"The third period is that of bad glass-painting, which still continues. Here the color covers the glass, and makes it opaque, or at least dull; and in these and our works, the painting may be scratched off the glass. In proper glass-painting, on the contrary, the bright, transparent colour seems to pervade the whole glass. In the same manner as we are now able to give to glass a single colour, and to compose something of these different and durable colours; so the ancients understood how to burn in a glass painting, with all its colours, into a single piece of glass, so that it formed all one mass. The transparency is very different, according as the colours are very dark or very light, and according as the white glass appears more in the painting, by removing the colour with the graver. If in colours that cover more, the glass has not remained properly transparent, yet it always permits a free passage to the light, the rays of which are brilliantly tinged by the colours. How have these works of an admirable, but lost art, been ill used, and what unhappy zeal is still displayed in their destruction!"

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JULY 10.

Thursday last the Right Rev. William Skinner, M.A. of Wadham College, and Bishop of Aberdeen, in Scotland, was admitted Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.

The Rev. Francis Knight, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, was admitted Bachelor in Divinity.

The Rev. John Wickham Griffith, B.A. and the Rev. Martin Stow, B.A. were admitted Masters of Arts.

William Hawkes Langley was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE.

There have been splendid doings at Cambridge in consequence of the royal visit to the COMMENCEMENT by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia. The festivities are not for our page, but we subjoin a list of the Degrees conferred, commencing Doctors and Masters of Arts:

DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.—Rev. J. Banks Hollingworth, St. Peter's College.—Rev. Tindal Thompson Walmsley, St. John's College.

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.—Robert Twiss, of Pembroke Hall.

DOCTORS IN PHYSIC.—George Freckleton, of Trinity College; William King, of Saint Peter's College.

DOCTOR IN MUSIC.—John Camidge, of Catherine Hall.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Of Jesus College; Charles Grove, J. Michael Brooke, Edward Seymour, Andoenu Reynolds, G. T. Turner, W. T. Myers, Launcelot R. Brown.—Of St. John's College; Joseph Mayor, T. Rivett Cornal, James Salisbury Dunn, James Bagge, J. Peter Henry Chesshyre, H. Downing Whittington, Francis Evans, George Fielding, John Jones, Richard Twopenny, J. Addison Carr, George Cookson, Thomas James, Wm. Lee, Hugh Welman Helyear, Edward Bushby, Charles Plucknell, J. James Blunt, Charles Atlay, Richard Jones Powell, Charles Beaufoy, William Andrews, John Rich, John Bell, John Stock, John Sturges Lievre, Mathew Barton, C. Mossop, Edward Reed, E. Fearon Bourke, J. Simpson Myers, Robert Downes.—Of Trinity College; John Lucy, Charles Shaw Lefevre, George Sowerby, William Hall, John Brand, Henry Blayds, Henry Milnes Thornton, William Pace, George Stevenson, William Whewell, Henry Parr Hamilton, John Philips Higman, Charles Ffrench Bromhead, Robert Sheepshanks, Julius Charles Hare, William J. Carver, George Beckett, Henry Broadley, W. A. Foley, Grant Allan, Charles M'Niven, S. Austen, Charles Thomson, Thomas Henry Graham, Nicholas Wrixon, Wm. Valentine, Hugh Ker, J. Raper Himton, Ed. Elliott, W. L. Coghlan, J. Morgan Rice, J. Hutchinson, J. H. Bradney, W. J. S. Casborne, W. S. M'Leary.—Of Caius College; J. Primatt Maud, Edward Jacob, T. Smith Turnbull, W. L. Wragge, George Boldero, R. Jones, A. S. Warner, John Grimwood, C. Jones.—Of Trinity Hall; J. Collet Ebdon, L. L. T. Clarke, H. Lloyd Biden, Jonah Crossingham.—Of St. Peter's College; Joseph Hudson, John Ellis, W. Moore Harrison, B. E. Johnson, Charles Babage.—Of Emmanuel College; John Welles, J. W. Armitage.—Of Christ College; John Graham, John Wilson, Henry Benson, F. Whicote, H. White.—Of Magdalene College; Marmaduke Lawson.—Of Clare Hall; W. Sandford, J. Rose Holden, Rich. Haggitt, V. McGie Torriano, J. W. Arnold, Samuel Symonds, G. A. Dawson, G. Therold, J. Stoddart, E. Semple.—Of King's College; C. Bampfylde Daniell, J. L. Dampier, H. T. Dampier, J. T. Price, H. M. Wagner.—Of Pembroke Hall; E. Dykes Boltan, Edwin Maddy, Charles Hardy.—Of Catherine Hall; J. Hopkins, G. Dixon.—Of Queen's College; T. Tattershall, W. Michell.—Of Sidney Sussex College; W. B. Hayne, T. Mitchinson, W. Downes Willis, James Jenkyn.—Of Pembroke Hall; H. A. Tasker, H. Collison.—Of Corpus Christi College; H. Porcher, F. Lloyd, R. Matchett Law, George Day, J. Roberts, W. Hepworth, Joseph Brackenbury.

After the creations the Right Honourable Charles Grant, of Magdalene College, was admitted to the Honorary Degree of Doctor in Civil Law.

DOCTORS IN CIVIL LAW.—The Most Noble the Marquess of Buckingham, Earl of Roseberry, Lord Carrington, Lord Braybrooke, Right Hon. John Beckett.

Right Hon. the Earl De La Warr, M.A.

of Brasenose College, Oxford, admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Sir T. B. Lennard, Bart., Hon. H. Scott Stopford, Sir Francis Sykes, Bart., Hon. R. J. Eden, Hon. George Nevill, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., Hon. E. G. Moore, Hon. Aug. Cavendish, Hon. George Spencer, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. Hon. Sampson Eardley Eardley, Hon. Arthur Calthorpe, Sir Culling Smith, Bart.

Mr. Charles Hatch, Fellow of King's College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts; Mr. Beale Post, of Trinity Hall, Bachelor in Civil Law; Mr. Allan Maclean, of Caius College, Bachelor in Physic.

The Rev. John Duncalf, of St. John's College, was on Saturday admitted Bachelor in Divinity; Edward Lovell, of Jesus College, and Edward Polhill, of Trinity Hall, Bachelors in Civil Law.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

MR. EDITOR.—The following lines, commemorating the death of a promising artist and excellent young man, Mr. Henry Graham, of York, who was studying architecture in Italy at the time of his decease, have little to recommend them to a place in your admirable Journal, save the really affecting circumstance which awakened them, and the opportunity they give of adding a new proof of the great attention shown to British artists in Italy. Such was the kindness and respect paid to the talents, endearing qualities, and unobtrusive but solid virtues of this excellent young man (son of the Rev. T. Graham), that his funeral was attended by the magistrates and many families of the first rank in Naples, and all the ship's company who had sailed with him from Rome.

He stood upon Italian ground,
The land so lov'd and so renown'd,
(To which young Genius fondly hies
As to her earthly paradise.)
And beaming on his raptur'd view
Imperial Rome arose;
To each entrancing day-dream true,
Which woo'd him from repose,
And waken'd in his bounding heart
The noblest energies of art.
Young, ardent, gentle, and refin'd,
Emhued with classic wisdom's lore,
Ah! well could his capacious mind
Enjoy the Eternal City's store,
That store, whose very ruins show
Man's mightiest powers of weal, or woe!
Who would not gaze, as Henry gazed,
On domes by deathless Fame-embazed?
Who would not weep, as Henry wept,
O'er shrines where early martyrs slept?
And thence with melting bosom fly,
On that far-distant home to rest,
To meet a father's smiling eye,
And glad a mother's anxious breast?
Whose souls in sympathy would melt
With all he saw and all he felt.
Ah, Naples! were thy beauteous bay,
Thy flaming mount's terrific pride,
Thy skies, where cloudless sun-beams play,
Only beheld to be denied?
Alas! the traveller only found
His grave in thy enchanting ground!
But never shall that ground enfold

A heart more gen'rous, kind, and pure,
Whose virtue, like the sterling gold,
Could Pleasure's subtle flame endure;
That trying fire, whose Circean train
Subdue, whom sorrow strikes in vain.

But Henry was a Christian's son,
For him had sped the parent's pray'r;
Sweet was his course, tho' quickly run,
As mildew blights the flow'r most fair.
Ah! in his undistinguish'd tomb
What germs of wealth and honour lie;
Ne'er must those buds of promise bloom,
Which sparkled ere they met their doom,
With all that charms affection's eye,
High talent, piety, and truth,
And wisdom's meekness in the glow of youth.

So perish earth's best, dearest joys,
But, lo! the promise of the skies
Shines like the patriarch's radiant bow,
Refulgent in the hour of woe:
"The dead that die in Christ shall rise,
Corruptless rise,—immortal stand
(The purchase of his sacrifice)
Eternally at God's right hand."

Be hush'd each sigh,—repress'd each tear,
Nor think your Henry "sleepeth here;"
That flower whose perfumes still dispense
Their sweets to memory's aching sense,
By Sharon's Rose redeem'd, shall soar,
To bloom in Heaven, and die no more!

B. H.

* Not wholly undistinguished, since, previous to his departure for Italy, the beautiful and unique little church of Skelton, near York, was not only repaired, but its interior entirely formed from his drawings, and finished under his eye, in a manner which proved the superiority of his talents—it is now their monument.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

SOME love to range the world's wide round,
Some court the city's giddy charms,
Some list the trumpet's clanging sound,
Joy'd at the thoughts of war's alarms;
Ambition's arts and Pleasure's smiles
With deep distrust I cautious flee,
And Glory's vain deceitful wiles,
For home, sweet home, is all to me!
Fond hopes of wealth, vain dreams of ease,
Of future riches, future rest,
And all that Fancy's self can please,
Fill the void chasm of many a breast.
They seek the busy haunts of life,
Explore the desert, brave the sea,
For these they join in worldly strife,
But home, sweet home, is all to me!
Loved home! dear scene of every bliss
That clings around my grateful heart!
My M—'s smile, my infant's kiss,
What purer joys can life impart!
Content with what my God has given,
I live what others wish to be;
Enjoying earth and hoping Heaven,
My home, sweet home, is all to me!
July 6, 1819. VICANUS.

SONNET

On Contemplating the Miniature of a Friend,
recently deceased.

Yes! I have felt of life that weariness
Which will, at times, steal o'er a hapless few,
Crushing all hopes of bliss;—but, while I
press
Thine image to my heart, I can review
My sad career with smiles, to think how true

To friendship thou did'st prove, ev'n in the
hour
When darkest frown'd my fate, and fiercest
blew
Misfortune's bitter storm! I lack the pow'r
To thank thee as I wish;—peace to thy shade!
Thou didst at distance from me, and thy
grave
Rises on foreign shores;—yet, oft convey'd
Thither in Fancy's magic car, I lave
With burning tears the spot, and, sighing,
say,—
Would with thy life mine own had pass'd
away!
July, 1819. ...

THE HERMIT IN LONDON, OR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS. Second Series, No. XXV. A STAGE COACH.

"He's a vicious Devil," said one of my fellow travellers in the coach, to an opposite companion. Who's he? thought I to myself, burying my chin in a silk handkerchief, and entrenching my head in the collar and capes of my travelling coat. Who is this vicious Devil? Is it a crowned head, a statesman, a bishop, or an inquisitor? "He kicks like hell," continued this fashionable ruffian, whose pillory cravat, Osbaldistown tie, and horse collar cape just appeared by the glimpse of the moon; "but I'll cure him of it." This put the matter on a different footing; and I now discovered that this animal, who considered himself quite the thing, was talking of a kicking horse to his conceited vis à vis. "I took the shine pretty well out of him in the Park t'other day; but he was so covered with white froth, that I was ashamed to ride him home; and I saw Peter Sham (a real nobleman) smile as I passed him. By the bye, did you sell the black horse to the parson?"
The vis à vis, a thing as thin as a rush-light, but not half so luminous, took a highly perfumed handkerchief from its nose, and lisped out—"oh! d—n him, yeth." Which, thought I, is it—the clergyman or the horse?—is he an enemy to church or state? At least he is hostile to a polished state of society; for he had his back turned upon an old man, whilst a favorite milk-white terrier sat on his knee, the odour of which was offensive to all in the coach save himself and friend, who were close to an open window; the one applying the Barcelona handkerchief perfumed to excess, and the other incessantly plugging his nostrils with Prince's mixture, and dropping no small quantity over the dress of a very pretty woman.

"Perhaps," said she, "the open window may be unpleasant to you," addressing herself with much urbanity to me. "Not in the least," replied I, "if it be agreeable to you." "No, no," added the first ruffian, "every body (this was generalising more than he had a right to do)—every body likes free air." "Not your free air," said I to myself. "But," continued he, "what did the cushion-thumper give you

for the black?" "Eighty," replied the man reduced by stays and by dissipation to a Slender Billy. "Eighty; and a d—d bad bargain he has; I never had him a week out of a farrier's hands. But have you seen my racer? I expect him to be able to match Filho da Puta (son of a—thought I) very soon: he has the gift of the go I can assure you; and I think I shall be able to take the conceit out of young W—b—I when he sees him." Here an insipid noise like a laugh issued from the insect's mouth.

The old gentleman requested a pinch of snuff—no bad hint that the dog, as well as the puppies, was offensive. It was given silently, haughtily, and with a looking down upon, which from a dunce to a man of letters, (for I found out afterwards through the coachman that the old gentleman was a learned Professor,) I felt as an insult to good sense and decorum.

"I can assure you, (much stress on the words, and delivered with as much weight and importance as if they had come from the oracle of Delphos,) that W—b—I is a prime judge of a horse (rare quality, thought I; that he has dealt (not honestly perhaps, for if he has, he is a rare horse-dealer, thought I) so extensively that there's no taking him in. (Not into the coach, said I to myself; we have enough of this cast already.) He is much about as good a judge of horse flesh as any in England. But, I say, are you tired of your Tilbury horse? for if so, we might make a deal—(a deal of nonsensical conversation probably;) I would either buy him of you, or swap the hack which I ride to cover with, and a pointer for him, or toss you up for him, throwing something into the scale." (I wish you were thrown out of the coach, thought I.)

Here the lady, on whom the one turned his back, and who sat opposite the man of letters, who was squeezed, and looked down upon, and incommoded by the Dandy ruffian and the terrier, spoke in a mild tone. "Upon my word, my dear, you scarcely give me room to breathe." "Why d—n it," answered he, "Jane, you take up as much room as a coach and six." This gallant conduct proved to me that she was his wife. "But, (without yielding an inch,) we shall soon be out of this leathern convenience, (the coach, how witty!) And who could have thought that it would have come on to rain like hell, (never heard of any shower but one of fire there,) and that we could not have come out in Telegraph?" (Not a stage coach but a break-neck thing, which this monkey explained to his stable companion, that he drove as a Tandem.)

"But, I say, will you deal? upon my thoul," (one scarcely could suppose that such a being had a soul, but a thoul, to be sure, is a different affair.)—"upon my thoul, I'm so eat up (lucky! had it been so) by hothos and dogs, that I mutht pull in," (utinan—thought I! would to my lucky stars you would pull in that thilly tongue!) Here some conversation occurred as to time being no object (this I could believe from

animals who set no value on it), and as to a brood mare and a shooting pony, and other quadrupeds, their favorites and fit companions.

We had now travelled eight miles together, and stopped at the end of Richmond town. The coachman let down the step, and I offered to hand out the lady; but she said that her husband and she were going farther. The old gentleman and I exchanged a plain "good night," and a bow.

I now perceived a little Frenchman emerge from a corner where he had been compressed by the action of the ruffian and terrier against the body of the coach, too heavy for the foreigner, who resigned himself to a half-faced-about position, and either dropped asleep or pretended to do so. A lantern was brought out, by the light of which I saw a hat of the French cut, a coat very unlike the fabrique of a Criddle, or an Artis, a spencer, out of date in England, and a huge parapluie. The boldest ruffian burst out in a laugh; and, whilst his dog barked at the exotic plant, affected to quiz him, winking at his vis à vis, and saying, in barbarous French, "bon soir, Monseer." The little Frank, more awake, and more retaliating than the reptile might have expected, replied, "Bon soir, Monsieur Cheval," and, shrugging his shoulders in pity and compassion, went off whistling "Le premier pas."

I reflected, as I walked along to my friend's house, that if this was his first step in England, it was not very well calculated to give him a favorable impression of the country; and I blushed, in silence, for my countrymen. What must a stranger, if he understood the dialogue betwixt these things, think of English manners? If not, how proud, how haughty, how ignorant of the forms of society, and how brutal must their deportment appear to him! As for myself, my disgust was at its meridian; and in point of amusement, or company, I certainly should have been just as well off with the horses on the outside of the coach as I was with these asses in the inside of it. At all events the silence of the former would have been far preferable to the empty prattle of the latter, to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—This Theatre closed on Monday with Hamlet, and a sort of *Olla Podrida* of Pantomimic scenes from Mother Goose, Gulliver, &c. bespoke for the classical entertainment of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who arrived after the play was over. Grimaldi was great in all his grins; and about as inferior a show of singers chaunted *God save the King* as were ever seen on any stage. The audience however made up the deficiency by patriotic demonstrations; and if the principal musicians are not to be expected at the end of the year, it is pleasant at least to see that the Theatre is still loyal to the last.

Mr. Young's Hamlet seemed to excite an uncommon interest, not only by its inherent excellence, but, probably, from the feeling that it would be a long time before the admirable histrionic talents of that gentleman were again displayed before a London audience. The rude scene with Ophelia; the play scene; all the colloquies with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and, in chief, the closet scene, were finely and powerfully performed. We never witnessed any thing superior to the mode in which Hamlet, at its close, as it were postponed the repentant embrace offered by his mother, till deeds as well as words should bear witness to her riven and contrite heart. The exquisite modulation of Mr. Young's voice gives effect to all that his cultivated judgment dictates; and he presents a rare combination of physical qualities, shaped for the stage by a refined discrimination, never forgetful of propriety for a single instant. It is with great diffidence therefore that we express our opinion in opposition to any of his conceptions, but we do think that the latter passages of the philosophical but spirited Soliloquy "To be—or not to be," wrought up as it is by climax into a Philippic against the abuses of the times, ought to be delivered with more force and passion. Mr. Young's replies too (an almost universal fault in acting, arising from a knowledge beforehand of what is to be said, which does not happen in natural and spontaneous dialogue), sometimes appeared to follow too sharply upon the precedent speaker.—With these slight and questionable exceptions, his Hamlet is one of the noblest efforts on the stage.

We ought not to omit the mention of Blanchard's Polonius, certainly as effective a representation of that much criticised character as we ever saw. Indeed this excellent actor does every thing in his own peculiar way, and always well. Of indifferent parts he makes much, and never by any chance oversteps the bounds of discretion to the offence of our understanding. Even his farce is without buffoonery; and so chaste, yet so humorous, is his general style, that we never see him without pleasure—because he always reminds us that he is one of the most original and pure comedians of our day. The other parts require few valedictory comments. Chapman, like Claudius, is a very bad King; Miss Mathews, a pretty but not a sufficiently polished or elevated Ophelia; Mrs. Connor, a Queen of tinsell and muslin to the monarch of shreds and patches; Mr. Egerton a substantial ghost; Mr. Abbott as respectable a Laertes as is possible; Mr. Farley a quaint and coxcombical Osrick; and Mr. J. Russell a well-waistcoated, but not a richly gifted grave-digger.

At the end of the Play, Mr. Fawcett delivered, with "good accent and good discretion," the usual address at the conclusion of a season. The proprietors briefly and neatly praised themselves for all the Tragedies, Comedies, Operas, and lighter pieces, which they have brought out, and which the public have so much approved

as to render this a highly successful and prosperous year.

For our critical parts, wishing neither to quarrel with the very judicious managers who have found out and selected these delightful productions, nor with the still more judicious Public which they have charmed, we must confess that it had not, before Mr. Fawcett told us so in the name of the Proprietors, struck us that the Drama had made any very brilliant advance during the period alluded to. Not one sterling new Play has been brought forward; and, disguise it how we may, blame whom we will, managers, the age, the difficulty of access to the stage, the poverty of literary genius,—this single fact is a whole volume of condemn—(we were going to employ the gentle green-room phrase of damnation. Till the wholesome epoch returns, that we can congratulate ourselves on having seen a really splendid tragedy or a genuine comedy, we must defer our exaltations over the glorious achievements of the dramatic art. We allow, however, great praise to Covent Garden for its exertions in getting up its tragedies with such combination of talents, as O'Neill, Young, C. Kemble, Macready, Abbott, &c. and in the Musical department, (of which the performance of Don Juan afforded a perfect proof,) for much, although not complete, attention to costume, for most gorgeous scenery and decoration, and for a multitude of attempts to bring forward new and pleasing entertainments. Its farces, principally from the French, have been justly well received; and the race of mimicry with which the Town appears to be at present more charmed than with any thing else, has not failed to be as vigorously contested as means would admit. Upon the whole it has exhibited the only specimens of what a national theatre ought to exhibit, intermixed it is true with some follies, which it may plead the folly of the times to justify.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Two novelties have been produced at the quondam Lyceum since our last: "*Self-Sacrifice, or the Maid of the Cottage*," on Monday; and "*One, Two, Three, Four, Five, By Advertisement*," on the Saturday preceding. First, of the last in order of production, and the former in order of our enumeration. *Self-Sacrifice* is a Melodrama, in which compound word we presume every species of dramatic absurdity to be generally included. This piece is no exception to the rule, "Playing whose end (both) at the first (and now), was (and is), to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature," &c. (we quote Shakespeare parenthetically, for the modern reading must omit all the words so enclosed or else the immortal bard would be made to have written nonsense)—playing, we say, or nature, must have altered confoundedly if Melodrama be allowed to hold this reflective mirror. Nothing can be more miserable if the "very age and body of the time," has "his form and pressure" thus exhibited. A cottage girl is about to be married to a

Count widower, who has a son by a former marriage: the child is stabbed on the nuptial morning by the supposed father of the girl, to which deed she is a witness, and, though about to suffer death herself as the criminal, suspected upon strong circumstantial evidence, she prefers a shameful end to the betrayal of her guilty parent. Dungeons, escapes, dangers, drawbridges, storms on shore, and tempests at sea ensue; the real father arrives, and the murderer is shot, and all who live, live happy. It may be remembered that this plot served at Drury Lane last season for a similar species of drama, under the title (we believe) of *The Heroine, or the Daughter's Courage*, and the only difference between the two is that at the English Opera House, it is rendered more ridiculous by the introduction of songs, and of a company of beggars (ready made for the *Jovial Crew*), and just a trifle less improbable by not bringing the child to life again after it is dead, and buried with a marble monument over its grave! Most outrageous stage-trick in the assassin, (not the fault of the actor, T. P. Cooke, but of the author,) much twining of the body of Miss Kelly, some airs by Pearman and Miss Love, an unintelligible comic song by Harley, the king of the beggars, (who ought really to make himself understood if he means to produce any comic effect, besides what his "damnable mouth-making" may do in the gallery,) and attempts at pathos, as mawkish and disgusting as the situations are caricatured and unnatural, complete the pretensions of this silly piece of mummery.

The entertainment of *One, Two, Three, &c.* is a contrivance to display the imitations of various actors, by a Mr. John Reeve. A foolish old man advertises for a husband for his pretty daughter, Sophia, (Miss Stevenson, who to do her justice looked the character exactly for a lady so circumstanced as to want a person in that capacity;) and Harry Alias assumes several parts to answer the advertisement. He mimicked Farren in Sir Peter Teazle, Harley in Dr. Endall, Munden in Sam Dabbs, and Matthews in An Actor of All Work, in which he introduced imitations of Kean, Liston, and others. We are ashamed to refer to the passage from Hamlet already quoted in this critique; but as this sort of buffooning of peculiarities has become so attractive to the public, we cannot blame the managers of this theatre for trying to fill their purses by the same means as those resorted to by their greater contemporaries. Mr. Reeve is a rather coarse but clever mimic. He seems to prove how far this art may be acquired so as to be made amusing, by persons of inferior talents. No doubt every Theatre in London will soon have its mime, and we may expect this sort of puppet-show work wherever we go. As there are better, so will there be many worse than our present subject, who has caught many points about those whom he has made his models, and portrays them very ludicrously. We

thought his copy after Kean by far the most successful: in the others the finer touches were wanting to perfect pictures in which the rough outline was laughably correct. He was much applauded, and has since filled the house at half price, which is more than *Self-Sacrifice* would ever do, if the doors were thrown open gratis.

HAY MARKET THEATRE.—The *Haymaking* company, under the management of Mr. Terry, commenced a six weeks' season on Tuesday. The *Soldier's Daughter*, a very poor play, was the initiatory piece, and Mrs. Edwin the heroine. Her comedy is loud and broad; that which, supposing Mrs. Jordan to be superfine cloth, might be called druggat. Except the extraordinary actress just alluded to, we never yet saw one of "a certain age," upon whom romping manners, a boyenish exuberance of spirit, and a girlish forwardness did not sit ill, and cause more of dislike than of pleasure to spectators. After the play, the interlude of *Lovers' Quarrels* was performed, and Mrs. Gibbs and Russell were admirably humorous. The latter seems especially at home in this little Theatre; a sure test, in our opinion, of the sterling qualities of his acting.

A new farce entitled *Wet Weather*, closed the labours of the evening, and was certainly congenial to the circumstances of the atmosphere outside, for it rained torrents. This whimsical production is said to be the first attempt of a juvenile author, and to have the rare merit of not being taken from the French. It is on both these accounts worthy of the most favorable criticism. But it does not stand in need of favour; for it is really a smart and entertaining thing, with a general hue of equivoque thrown over it, and some happy jeux de mots which excite much laughter. The only original character is a Sir Onesiphorus Puddefat (Liston), who, by concealing a will in a drawer, instead of burning it, tries to secure his cousin Emily (Miss Beaumont) in marriage; but the lady prefers Captain Bromley (Jones), and, through the agency of Tim, an intriguing servant (J. Russell), ultimately succeeds in the match of her choice. Sir Onesiphorus is a stupid Hampshire boor, who having succeeded to a large fortune comes to London, and studies all kinds of gentlemanlike accomplishments, such as dancing, fencing, boxing, riding the velocipede, &c. In language he is a male Mrs. Malaprop, cannot "exasperate" (aspirate), the letter A, and talks of "Yeomanry corpses manuring all over the field," and is guilty of many similarly ludicrous mis-usages of the English tongue. In Liston's hands such a character was a sure card; and he plays it with the most grave and efficient drollery. Jones' part is not so prominent; but he does every thing for it. J. Russell's Tim ranks him very high in the line to which it belongs, and he delivers its points with great success. When Sir Onesiphorus asks what he is to do with the Cocoa-tree Club when

he marries; the answer is, "As Hercules did." "Why, what did he do?" "Oh! he gave up his Club?" This good joke told well, as did several others; for instance, on pistols being, like other articles, called *Mantons*, after their maker, it is observed that a pair of silver candlesticks may by the same rule be called Messrs. Rundle and Bridge! Miss Beaumont acquitted herself in a lively style; and the farce has been performed every night to applauding, and, what is better, to laughing audiences.

On Thursday Mr. Warde played Reuben Glenroy, in the equally indifferent play with the opening one, *Town and Country*. His voice is rather harsh, and we thought his manner too sententious, and at least one of his feet in the stilt of tragedy, where there was no blank verse to halt for it. But, upon the whole, he approved himself an actor of great merit. Miss E. Blanchard was a very interesting Emily Somers, and bids fair to become an ornament to the stage, when study and experience mature the powers which, while yet so young, she evinces. Terry's Cosway was comfortable, and the rest of the list ably filled.

The excessive heat of this house, when well attended, and the near and gross noise of the lobby, disturbing the whole of the boxes, and offending all decency, are great drawbacks upon the attendance of respectable company. To us it looked more like one great bagnio than a public theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.—The favourable mention which we last made of the new pieces at this theatre, on the report of a friend, we have now to repeat, and strengthen from our own observations. "*Montrose*" is an animated and interesting drama. The scene where *Major Dalgetty* is examined by *Argyle*, is extremely well managed; and that where the *Major* detects the disguised visitor in his prison, and compels him to change situations with him, produces the most powerful effect. In both, Fitzwilliam acquits himself with infinite humour and address. We could wish Mr. Dibdin had allowed himself more time when adapting the *Bride of Lammermoor* to the stage. Had he done so, and produced a three instead of a two act piece, we think he would in the end have had no cause to regret the delay occasioned by the additional labour. The character of *Caleb Balderston* as indicated in the novel, drawn out in ludicrous incident by his whimsical efforts to conceal his master's poverty, and certain doleful mishaps contrived to betray it, might have operated more successfully on the risible muscles of a Surrey audience. Taking "*The Bride of Lammermoor*" as we find it, though we have too many evidences of the haste in which it was written, it is well entitled to the success it enjoys. The main incidents of the romance are skillfully dramatized: the Master of Ravenswood retains all his importance on the stage in the able hands of Huntley; while the impetuous

warmth of the *Laird of Buchlaw* is depicted with appropriate animation by Watkins. Both pieces called forth the most fervent shouts of applause, and with "*The Siege of Troy*," furnish out a most sumptuous evening entertainment.

VARIETIES.

We have a letter, requesting us not to publish an account of a brewer, who has unfortunately killed a person, by the accidental discharge of a pistol. With this we comply, for one good reason, that we never insert any thing of the kind; and, as for the brewers generally, we, as drinkers, like to have nothing to do with them, nor, as critics, do they come under our cognizance, except when they kill scientifically, by substituting chemical preparations for malt and hops. Of these compounds, we should be glad if we could give a full and accurate description; though it is certainly to the credit of our London manufacturers, that they pay annual salaries to the best chemists for their regular advice, and employ the best druggists, who deal on reasonable terms!!

Mr. Elliston is, we understand, the new lessee of Drury-lane Theatre.

A wealthy merchant in H—, who had become bankrupt, was met, some time after his misfortune, by a friend, who asked him how he was going on? "Pretty well," said he, "I am upon my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes; I have been obliged to part with my coach and horses, and must now walk."

RED SNOW.—Mr. Francis Bauer, from a number of accurate observations, with microscopes of great power, on the red snow, in a melted state, from Baffin's bay, pronounces the colouring matter to be a new species of *uredo* (a minute fungus), to which he proposes to give the name *nivalis*.

FLOUR.—The purity of flour may be partly ascertained by grasping a handful, and squeezing it for half a minute, when if laid even roughly on a table it will preserve its form. If adulterated it soon falls down; especially if the adulteration, instead of whitening, be ground stones, bones, or plaster of Paris. 2. Dip the forefinger and thumb into a little sweet oil, and take up a small quantity of flour between them; if pure, it may be rubbed for any length of time and will not become adhesive, but if mixed with whitening it soon becomes putty: if pure it also becomes dark coloured, but if impure is very little altered by the oil. 3. Lemon juice, or vinegar, will also detect the presence of whitening by the agitation produced in the flour: pure flour produces no particular effect with these fluids.

OIL FROM PUMPKINS.—The seeds of pumpkins afford abundance of excellent oil, which is said to burn well, give more light, and last longer, with less smoke, than other oil. The cake from which it is pressed, is good feeding for cattle.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1819.

Thursday, 15.—Thermometer from 46 to 68. Barometer from 30.24 to 30.18.

Wind NE. 2.—Variable weather; at times clear, and at times cloudy.

Friday, 16.—Thermometer from 43 to 70. Barometer from 30.20 to 30.19.

Wind NE and N.—Morning and noon cloudy; the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 17.—Thermometer from 45 to 72. Barometer from 30.17 to 30.23.

Wind WbS and NW.—Clouds generally passing; clear at times; some heavy rain in the afternoon.

Sunday, 18.—Thermometer from 52 to 73. Barometer from 30.19 to 30.10.

Wind SW. 2.—Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Monday, 19.—Thermometer from 53 to 76. Barometer from 29.87 to 29.66.

Wind SW. 2.—Clouds passing generally; rain in the evening.

Tuesday, 20.—Thermometer from 53 to 76. Barometer from 29.61 to 29.52.

Wind SE. and SW. 1.—Overcast; sunshine, faint at times; heavy rain most of the afternoon.

Rain fallen, 175 of an inch.

Wednesday, 21.—Thermometer from 47 to 59. Barometer from 29.67 to 29.92.

Wind N.E. 4.—Cloudy; rain at times. Rain fallen, 1 inch and 05 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. S. will perceive, that in the first sentence of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, "they" and "their" cannot relate to "narratives," because they (the narratives) have become public; but the secret has not. We could have pointed out several other gross grammatical errors; but few works are free from them; and we confess with shame, that even our own notice to F. S. last week, was an example of carelessness in this respect.

Our friends must really have patience with us, and believe, in many instances, that the unavoidable delays in meeting their wishes, are no relinquishment of our impartial intentions.

* Not yet having quite recovered our system of regularity after being burnt out, we must claim indulgence for many omissions of original and contributed articles this week. Henceforward we shall go on more smoothly.

This day was published, price 4s. 6d. bound,

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SHRIMP BOYS, CROMER. By W. Collins, A.R.A. A Print, etched by Mr. Collins, and engraved by Mr. Ward, A.R.A. from a Picture in the possession of Sir Thomas Heathcote, Bart. M.P. will be published this day by Francis Collius, 11, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place. Prints 7s. 6d. Proofs 15s.

Mr. Owen's Public Meeting.

AT the particular request of the Committee appointed by the General Meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 26th of June, to investigate Mr. OWEN'S PLAN for the Relief of the Poor, the Public Meeting advertised to be held at the City of London Tavern, on Monday next, the 19th inst. is postponed to Monday, the 26th instant, when the Chair will be taken by His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, at 12 o'clock precisely.

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